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A MONODY

TO A FATHER'S MEMORY

SARAH P. MORRISON

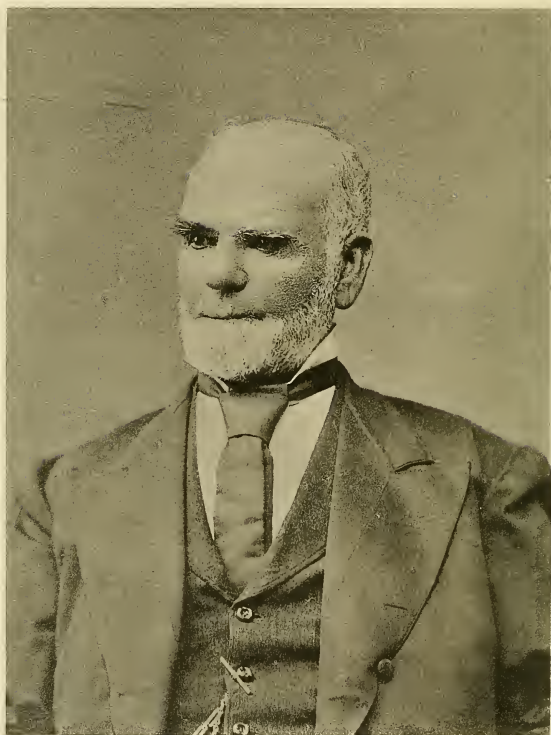


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John I. Morrison

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BY
SARAH P. MORRISON



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For now we see through a glass, darkly. — 1 Cor.
xiii. 12.

A MONODY : TO A FATHER'S
MEMORY.*

PART FIRST.

I.

1. O DAY OF DEATH, how dark thy gray and
shadowy wing ; —
Eclipsed the natural sky, hushed everything.
2. Within that twilight stands the Past ; its out-
line clears.
Thy deeds, Dear Lost, revealed, and my ar-
rears.
3. My conscience crouches chill, or like a babe
when left
At some cold door to die, wails on bereft.
4. Of endless, needless love, regret pours all her
store ;
How mean that all appears, not poured be-
fore !
5. Time past irreparably ; Love's service incom-
plete :
Oh that I 'd first, love spent, died at thy feet !

* John J. Morrison, died 1872.

II.

1. Irrevocably gone! That veil how thick or
thin;
No sound to me. Hears he this poor world's
din?
2. Heard there my grieving heart? my sighs?
Think that he sees
In bliss this look? *Known* there such tears
as these?
3. While I find all things dulled: sense beating
as on drum,
Muffled beyond response. The heavens are
dumb.
4. *Where* is the soul that lived so nobly silent
here?
Thy confined face I saw, thy funeral bier,
5. Thy open grave, thy form in grand repose;
but where,
Where *thou* who fondly watched, escaped our
care?

III.

1. Thou didst not haste to go, but meekly tried
to live.
There is a power beyond; not Death can give

2. The word to snap the thread, to bid the
weary rest :
A servant, he obeys a King's behest.
3. Then why that sudden word, if we thy off-
spring dear,
Great God? "The blow deserved," I seem
to hear.
4. I thought — but now I see : the most I failed
to know,
I reached too far and missed, I learned too
slow.
5. To follow out my plans, I missed a grander
scope ;
Daily before me clear rose larger hope :
6. Daily a life shone forth I failed to under-
stand,
Beneficently beamed, benignant, grand :
7. My life's sun clear shone forth with kindly
steady ray,
Shown constant to its close ; — woe worth the
day !
8. I saw it near decline ; I knew it soon must
set.
I looked. It milder beamed, and, yet, and
yet,

9. I could not then believe it soon would shine
no more,
So peaceful and so calm. Then all was o'er.
10. As when the sun goes down, diffused the radiance sheds
Unwonted light, anew the landscape spreads,
11. So when he sudden sank into the night of
Death;
O Loss! Why did I not yield then my
breath?

IV.

1. What were thy thoughts, My Dear,
That day, the last and dread?
Oh that my heart had propped
Thy drooping head;
2. My hands and kiss had warmed
Thy hands, so still and cold;
My arm had clasped thee near,
In loving fold,
3. Death had not then surprised
So stealth'ly thee and me;
I near, he might not then
Have taken thee.

4. He stole to thee unthought,
Alone he found thee, Dear ;
Him didst thou see ? They say
Not so ; — I fear.
5. What were thy thoughts, Dear One,
The moment just before,
And all that day ? I ask
But this — no more.
6. My heart breaks at the thought
That thou didst know the last,
And no one near to help,
When help was past.
7. My heart breaks at the thought
That all that day of dole,
Though all spoke cheer, yet none
Spoke to thy soul.
8. That with us all about,
No one of us a stay,
Thy feet sunk deeper down
That lonely way.
9. That with us all about,
And thou a dying man,
We read not failing powers,
And countenance wan,

10. We read not bright eye dimmed,
Nor failing pulse and breath ;
Nothing could make us think
“ This may be death.”

11. We did not mean to be
So heartless and so dull ;
Let love, which blinded us,
Our fault annul.

12. 'T was foolish, wrong, I know,
To hope, and seek to cheer ;
We should have comforted :
Forgive us, Dear.

V.

1. Hast thou been comforted, Dear One, this
weary while?
Not long, nor oft ; but still sometimes I
smile.

2. I wonder I can smile, or speak of aught but
thee,
Or name with even voice thy name. Ah me !

3. In all familiar things I miss thy eye, thy
hand ;
Our thoughts in unison : none understand.

4. Keeping from hurt or fall my too oft willful
feet,
Shaming my foolish pride with reason sweet.
5. Where are thy careful ways? The type to
me is lost ;
Ah, Father dear, I 've learned ; — at what a
cost !
6. There 's no one else like thee. I hate the
race of men,
All dwarfs ; my Father I want back again.
7. I see the beauteous life which seemed a com-
mon thing ;
Into the dreariest lot my heart I 'd fling,
8. To show that I a life could live, not all in vain,
My Father could I have once back again.
9. All zest from life is gone. All 's wrong.
There 's nothing good.
Life faints, and tears are mixt with daily
food.

VI.

1. Not for all living men would I my dear dead
give ;
'Tis worth e'en death to have such memory
live.

2. Some unrequited days he weary spent. 'Tis
worth,
To know so grand a soul e'er lived on earth.
3. For now he lives with God. And I? I live
to know
More of the heaven that's lent to us below.

VII.

THE PORTRAIT.

1. O face of gentle mien,
Of quiet, lofty power ;
Of dignity enhanced
Through nature's dower.
2. O father's face so kind,
O precious lines of care ;
O eye so clear, so true,
O kingly air.
3. O noble head with brow
Where thought with goodness dwelled ;
And breast, where a chaste heart's
Emotion swelled.
4. Shoulders that bore their part,
Nor bent to service mean :
Soft hair of age, and beard
Of silvery sheen :

5. Her gushing tribute pays
 My long pent soul. In thought
I reverent kiss that beard,
 So life-like wrought.
6. Upon that breast I lean ;
 That eye I seek, and then
To God I say, " Shall *this*
 Not live again ? "

VIII.

AFTER MEMORIAL SERVICE.

1. The Past is past, Dear One ;
 Of thee, our best, bereft,
To cherish what we can
 Is all that's left.
2. Not garments still to hoard,
 Nor everything to keep,
Which thou didst dying leave
 With us who weep.
3. Thou wast not one to hold
 Within a tightened grasp
E'en all thou mightst have claimed ;
 We only clasp
4. A few things called thine own ;
 Too few : mementoes these,

Of one who lived not most
Himself to please ;

5. Of one who gave long since,
That with a father's care
We might the more enjoy
And freer share.

6. Oh ! when a broken band
We sat, the seal we broke,
Each heart in sweet accord
With him who spoke ; —

7. Though dead and powerless then,
Our wills how potent bent
To see fulfilled his dying
Testament !

8. "To my beloved wife ;" —
Poor Mother, feeling more,
As day adds day to day,
Bereavement sore.

9. Her conscious mind his loss
At every turn must face ;
His goodness cause of grief,
For void his place.

10. Before his portrait sitting
She 's older grown and fades ;

Too much, I'm sure, her thoughts
It over-shades :

11. Too poignant brings the sense
Of separation keen :
Silence has fallen for time
Their lives between.

12. That arm's support, her days
Lonely indeed without ; —
I wonder what my heart
Has been about.

13. Ah, Sister mine ! thou knowest,
Widowed in youth's fair flower :
The bond close knit between,
In sorrow's hour.

14. Long has the dust reposed
Of that youthful husband dead :
Long has the grass been green
Above his head.

15. Thou long hast worn the garb
Of woe, widowed indeed,
From his grave a flower thou 'st plucked
For Mother's need.

16. Sympathy's bloom so pure :
Mother, the blossom see !

Its perfume is all about ; —
Sweet Sympathy !

IX.

AFTER THE GOLDEN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

1. In the old home burial ground
Kindred and neighbors lie ;
Thick sown their ranks, and rare
Their company.
2. Not in that time-dear place,
His grave whom most we mourn ;
To a lovely spot, his choice,
His form was borne.
3. First of us all to rest
In the lonely silent plot ;
Place then how dear, never
To be forgot.
4. Near a city great it lies ;
We may see it any day ;
It was strewn with Golden-Rod
On the Wedding Day.
5. We crowned our mother with gifts,
Affection's golden shower ;
Loss weighed on our hearts, a stone,
We had scarcely power

6. Not to weep that day all day,
 So much we had thought in the past,
Of fruition upon its wings ; —
 It was over at last.
7. But we comfort another's heart
 By moving our own to do ;
And living our lives aright,
 We live life through.

X.

EASTER.

1. The joyful seasons come,
 The Christmas Tide, the year
New ushered in ; then morn
 Of morns most dear.
2. Dear Risen Lord, their joys
 With buds of hope are wreathed ;
Though on their golden prime
 A sigh is breathed,
3. A tear let fall on bloom,
 As on our gifts that day,
When the Wedding Golden came
 And gone our stay : —
4. Dear Brother Christ, we lean
 Our woeful hearts on thee ;

With him, bring us to thy
Felicity !

XI.

AN INTERLUDE : A RETROSPECT OF DECORATION
DAY.

1. On Decoration Day,
 By a soldier's grave I stood,
And thought while others spoke,
 " How brave ! How good ! "
2. A marble shaft uprose
 To claim, " Here honor due ! "
Where in the graveyard old
 The long grass grew.
3. Near by ancestral dust
 Made ever dear the place ;
The tombs, so old and worn,
 Had homely grace.
4. Above the stones moss-grown,
 With quaint inscriptions crost,
The fragrant branches gay
 In wildness tost.
5. There as I reverent stood,
 And scanned them round, and thought
Of changes which the years
 Since then had wrought,

6. How far removed their plane
From human action seemed ;
How worthless and how small
Things most esteemed.
7. "Nothing," I said, "is gold,
Nothing high place or fame ;
Nothing, save heart of truth
And worthy name."
8. The monumental shaft,
More recent dust above ;
Silent I stood. My heart
Asked, "Is this love ?
9. Old friend, best comrade e'er,
School champion, then lover,
And later pleasant friend,
Didst thou discover
10. That night, when by thy chair
A little while I stood,
With pity's smile all faint,
In melting mood,
11. That I was nearest love
To thee I'd ever been ? —
Pity and love are said
To be akin.

12. At that plain view of doom,
 So fell, so near at hand,
I touched thy chair's wide arm
 With leaning hand ;
13. And then with talk around,
 We spoke of recent war ;
Thy smile the same, thine eye
 The same kind star.
14. The past had hold on me,
 During our interview,
But if thy thoughts went back,
 I never knew.
15. Wast thou a hero then,
 Grandeur than in the strife ?
Nor gave least sign of wish
 To link with thine my life ?
16. Or haply hadst thou now
 Banished all deeper thought,
Save of thy coming fate
 So nearly brought ?
17. My hero still the same !
 Even if other love
Had ever caused thy heart
 From me to move.

18. If country dear, or long
Unreasoning despite
Had changed thy constant heart
To yield me quite,
19. I'd think the more of thee
To tire of my unworth;
This love? In self-contempt
It sprang to birth.
20. I know not at what call
I went that time from thee;
As one might careless say,
'T was destiny.
21. But this I know: my heart
Regretful lingered there,
I stood in spirit still
Beside thy chair.
22. Cheerful our talk the while
And kind, — at last mine kind.
And then about the war;
I call to mind
23. This ripple on smooth stream:
“And when they fight,” asked I,
“How do men look?” “Like beasts,”
Was thy reply.

24. "Ah, sunny soul!" I mused,
"It did thee violence,
And now thy life cut short
Pays the offense."
-

25. Farewell, true friend in love;
Who learning my hard heart,
So loved as to efface
Offense. No art

26. Taught thee disguise, but love
From boyhood years to prime
Kept fast thy faith in love,
And made sublime

27. A simple heart. No plaint
Embittered speech, unsoured
Within that nature sweet.
Thy being flowered

28. Into serener peace.
As frank and kind, a touch
More rare put on; to say,
Love's grace were such,

29. One could not love, and not
Be glad, and yet too dear
The passion to be named
Save in Love's ear!

30. And this the character
 I flouted at, and deemed
 Too simple, commonplace,
 And disesteemed !
31. I know thee better now, —
 I'll think thee home above, —
 “Farewell ! and what is not
 Regret, is love.”

XII.

1. Father, thou wouldst not mind,
 Or think a simple lay,
 Did thee a wrong, as some
 Might wiser say.
2. And that it has no place,
 Whatever its intent,
 In this poor verse of mine,
 Yet heart's lament ?
3. No ! Had some power but swept
 Away the guard reserve ! —
 'T is gone. I'm nearer thee :
 Thus would death serve ?
4. Ah ! now since death has come
 And placed a veil between,
 My heart I open all,
 Nor seek to screen.

5. If I could only know
That thou 'rt not so removed,
As not to see and know
My love thus proved !
6. I 'll take the good I can,
And think that thou dost hear,
And see and know, and bend
To me thy ear.
7. For once if I had told
Such thing to thee, my Dear,
Thou wouldst have had in that
Kind eye a tear.
8. Thou wouldst have said with smile,
“ How came our child to be
Of poets' tribe ? She got
It not from me ! ”
9. Yet thou, my Father dear,
For those great sons of Time
Hadst large respect, voicing
Their songs sublime.
10. Old Homer's sounding verse
I 've heard thee measured roll,
And Milton's mighty chime
Swept deep thy soul.

11. And yet thy heart a child's
 To feel the simplest thing
 That could to others joy
 Or sorrow bring.
12. There's no one else like thee
 My Dearest and my Best!
 God give to thee his peace
 And choicest rest!
-
13. I seem to hear thee say,
 " Oh! did my child thus feel?
 I fear my heart at times
 Seemed sheath of steel."
14. No matter for those days,
 My Father dear, they're past.
 I always knew thy heart
 Was soft, steadfast.
15. I crept not far enough;
 Many the times I might;
 Thy daughter could not, Dear,
 Sue for her right!
16. Yet who can tell the strength
 Of the allegiance fond,
 Binding my heart to thine
 In earliest bond!

17. But now — O now ! How much
Have we ! Thy blessedness !
And I ? To speak my heart's
Love and distress.

18. 'T is not enough ; my heart
Cannot be comforted ;
I 'd climb to heaven, creep in
The grave, thy bed.

19. O grave that draws my heart,
My father is not there :
Only his body waits
Renewal fair.

20. But if it draws my heart,
Must he not bend his gaze
Sometimes to better view
Earth's brief amaze ?

21. O heavens unsoiled by death !
Bend with him, till I know
That there he waits for me
Till I too go !

XIII.

MAY 30.

1. At the Capitol I saw
Last year on Soldiers' Day,

Sculptured in white, a thought
To live for aye :

2. 'T was Memory with pen
Writing the page for Grief ;
Grief leaning weeping lorn
'Mid her flowery wreath.
3. A weeping Grief I lean
'Gainst Memory's dear cheek ;
She writes these thoughts which I
Could never speak.

PART SECOND.

XIV.

1. THIS IS THE FATAL DAY, when thou a year
ago
Didst sacrifice thy life. How couldst thou so ?
2. Didst yield that vital spark too long to cold
and storm ?
Nothing that current chilled could ever warm.
3. O Duty, stern of face, how dost thou drive
and goad
The patient, steadfast soul, till 'neath thy load

4. With force all spent it sinks, but turns its
thankful eye
To bless thee for its smarts, and so, to die.
5. To bless thee, who dost burst upon its filmy
view
A splendor of God's love, in aspect new ;
6. And take into the arms of everlasting rest,
And pillow the poor head upon Love's breast.
7. But this the fatal day ; — no wonder that the
doom
Breathing upon the trees enrobed in bloom,
8. Gave omen dark and dire, during the fitful
night,
And showed to morning's view the frost's fell
blight.
9. O fatal, fatal day ! — Though love foreboded
ill,
None knew him so near death, nor knew he
still.
10. And friends and neighbors pass with cus-
tomary tread,
Not knowing they shall soon exclaim, " He 's
dead ! "

11. "Day of anger. Day" — And I? I too
lived on,
And breathed the perfumed air, reveling in
sun.
12. How little then I knew, in the far sweet
South away,
The mandate that went forth that bitter day!
13. How little thought, on sea or river's flow, or
sand
Of sunny beach, 'neath shade in flowery land,
14. Scenting the oranges' bloom, scanning the
beauteous shell,
How little did I think save, "All is well!"
15. Shame on thee, luring Hope! To fool us at
our ease,
Leaving me now to say, "What now can
please?"
16. "If I had only known." "We'll meet with
freshened heart,"
I thought. This now my grief, — "so much
apart."
17. Oh! when the warning comes, had we but
lived to give
Service that breathed, "If God shall grant
life, live."

18. If we had only stayed our loved one close
beside,
Whisp'ring, "I'll serve him well, whate'er
betide!" —
19. *My* worthless life prolonged, I'll try the
more to be
More of that spirit which he wished in me.

XV.

INTERLUDE SECOND.

1. The Spring came sudden, fleet;
When on an April day,
Listless o'er even lawn
I looked away.
-
2. "Come!" cried the children, "Come!"
And seized my nerveless hand;
"Come to the woods with us,
A joyous band!
3. "You liked the first spring flowers!"
And so I went to please,
They dancing on before,
Light as the breeze.
4. How pure the woodland air!
How sweet the opening view!

All life how murmurous,
How blissful grew !

5. The soft ground yielding life,
The budding woods yet bare ;
Anemones tremulous stood,
And violets fair.
6. Spring beauties too, their pink
In loveliness displayed.
How very fair and good
All thus arrayed.
7. The children flew about
Like bees from flower to flower ;
The genial sun and air
Dispense their dower ;
8. While stainless arches high
The delicate, limpid blue ;
And earth's dark robe once more
Is 'broidered new.
9. Saith Nature soft to me,
" Grief-stricken one, take rest ;
The winter's been too long,
Lean on my breast."
10. " There is a grave," I said,
" Trees grand as these surround ;

Their foliage soon again
Will shade the ground ;

11. "And sometimes when I think
Of that most precious dust
Sleeping in quiet there,
In angels' trust,

12. "It seems that change in us
Must do it some despite,
As if not of our ways
Unconscious quite."

13. "I know not," Nature said.
I made reply, "I know
Quite well, that he not there,
It is not so.

14. "But from above, his grave
Now green, does he not see
His body there?" "It may
Be so," said she.

15. "Then can he not see all? —
The flowers, the wood, and Oh! —
See *us*? Hear what we say?"
"It may be so."

16. I clasped my hands; — "I wish
More of his state I knew!

Wise friend, canst thou not give
Some certain clue?"

17. "No clue to that," said she,
"But this I can surmise,
That he from out that grave
Again shall rise."

18. "Well do I know that truth,"
I said. "The promise thrills;
But a bridge to him my heart
Impetuous wills."

19. "Death's such a gulf!" A bird
Sang sudden overhead;
Forlorn I sat. "A bridge,"
She mildly said.

20. The fairest, frailest thing
Of all came waving by;
Its wings of gossamer fresh
As vernal sky.

21. "See token here," cried she,
"The witness of the spring;
And best, the *butterfly*
Upon the wing."

22. "Yes, yes, I know," I sighed,
"God lives, 't is glorious truth."

“Then why,” she gently asked,
“My child, thy ruth?”

23. “Oh, dreadful parting here,
And silence. He is dead.
The time ’s so long!” I mourned.
“Time long?” she said.

24. “He did not know me all,”
I said, and then I wept;
“Perhaps he knows all now,”
She silence kept.

25. “I did not know how far
My love for him surpassed
All other love of mine.”
“Hast loved?” she asked.

26. “There ’s nothing for me left
But on God’s truth to rest.”
“Ah, God is good,” she said,
“To trust Him, best.

27. “Take heart, my child, believe
That God is love, nor lost
A sigh or tear. The sun
Is good, the frost.

28. “He brings the seasons round;
And gives the rainbow’s cheer,

For storm and drought has use ;
He crowns the year.

29. " And shall He not take care
Of *thee*, for whom all these?
Of thee, one chiefest made
Himself to please ?

30. " *I* know not ; but how strange
For *thee* had He not store
Of all that He has told
Me of, — and more ! "

31. The scene glowed as she spoke ;
The children called and then
My troop flower-laden, flushed,
Home slow again

32. Were led ; each childish frame
Lapsed into weary sense,
My being quieted
In Providence.

XVI.

CROWN HILL, INDIANAPOLIS.

July.

1. Sweet grounds and grave most dear !
Through winding avenue
And shaded vista cool, —
A nearer view !

2. The forest growth with scent
Of woodland, wild and sweet ;
Where bird and squirrel find home,
And flowerets greet
 3. Sad eyes, and zephyrs fresh
Salute the mourner's cheek,
Cool after sultry drive :
These scarcely speak
 4. Of that beyond : the fair,
Swelling expanse of hill
And vale and shaven lawn,
The City Still.
 5. Domain where rest the dead ;
How shines each lettered stone !
Deeply engraven here
Grief's monotone.
 6. The strong, the wise, the young,
The fair, the loved, here meet :
Here pause. Ended the race
And stilled the feet.
-

7. Were I so near that I
Could daily come, and be
Beside his grave, like her
In minstrelsy,

8. She simply wise ; I too
Might " sit and sing " for love
Of him, and yet I know
He is above.
9. But now, O grave ! My eyes
Take thee into my heart.
' T is right that thou shouldst be
Just thus apart ;
10. In greenness solitary,
Flecked with tender shade,
The dearest, saddest spot
Was ever made !
11. How rank the grass is grown !
Not yet a year, — some days
It seems since lingeringly
The last fond gaze ;
12. But oh, for him, how long
To be away ! Around
I walk, — my heart takes in
The lowly mound.
13. Memorial marble soon
Will guide to where he lies ;
That sleeping dust unseen
God's eye descries.

14. O precious jewel hid !
Not lost in slow decay ;
Immortal to burst forth, —
God speed the day !
15. Not now that face I 'd scan ;
Could it in no more pride
Appear than once, *I* should
Be satisfied ;
16. Save that I know that form
In glorified array
Shall come immortal forth, —
God speed the day !

XVII.

INTERLUDE THIRD : THE BUTTERFLY.

1. From lonely, peaceful place
Our homeward course we wended ;
Our drive from grave to gate
Not unattended.
2. Rising upon our view,
To come and go
To and fro,
Was an escort fine and new.
A butterfly bright came,
Our airy servitor,

Or from what kingly court
Ambassador?

3. Fashioned by hand divine,
Wings closed or spread,
Down, o'erhead,
Were touched in rare design.
Their blending tints were like
My young companion's gown.
A leaf from elysian fields
Seemed floating down.

4. The beauteous thing so slight,
As everywhere
Here and there,
Seemed fancy's shuttle bright,
The air an ample loom.
Threading its pretty way,
The butterfly allured
Us by its play.

5. Caressingly it came,
First in, then out,
And round about,
Obsequious, not tame.
Yet lightly anywhere,
By moments sat so still,
A jeweled ornament
It seemed at will.

6. As it a pattern wrought,
It passed, repassed,
Slow or fast ;
And sombre woof of thought,
Touched as by angel's hand,
Took on a golden hue ;
My heart her curtains dark
Slow back withdrew.
7. Blest sense of heavenly care,
Near brought delightful
Thing so lightsome,
Weaving in ambient air.
Uninfluenced seemed caprice
Of motion free, or rest,
Yet teaching me in need
That trust is best.
8. As I with death communed,
The nimble, airy,
Flitting, fairy,
Gay butterfly attuned
To loving thought of God ;
Bright hint of life to be,
Which Nature's parted lip
Breathes unto me !
9. Neath eye supreme its pleasure
Runs brimming over.
Fluttering rover

In fields of joy ! thou measure
Enwreathing without toil.

Still rather give me sorrow,
For thou, waif of a day !

Hast no to-morrow.

10. From our admiring view,
 It, fancy's fay,
 Flitted away ;
But none the less we knew,
Late writ on limpid air,
 The heavenly love that bended,
And from the cherished grave
 Our way attended.

XVIII.

THE OLD SETTLERS' MEETING.

(At Salem, August.)

1. The storm retreating, rolls
 Its diapason deep ;
The opposing hill's vast flank
 The free winds sweep :
2. Upon the left, withdrawn
 In misty folds, the rain ;
High float the airy clouds
 O'er freshened plain.

3. In amphitheatre
We sat, of nature's green,
And list *thy* name, while smiles
The sylvan scene.
4. Thy name, thy name, my dear,
Recurring often there ;
Worthy the old, old place,
The scene so fair.
5. But oh, to miss thee so,
'Mid those who used to be
Thy mates, who often since,
In sympathy,
6. Clasped, dear, thy hand, thine eye
Met with a welcome fond : —
I sit with them, but gone
The perfect bond.
7. They feel their loss ; ah, friends
Of his be mine ! None knew
Him well as I. My *being*
Held the clew.
8. The man who loved him well,
And whom he loved the same,
I love, whate'er his mien,
His craft, his name.

9. The hand that joined his hand,
 In friendship's clasp sincere,
That hand I clasp in mine
 With smile and tear.
10. The hospitable board,
 Where he an honored guest,
Its food, it seems to me,
 Would taste the best.
11. Blessings upon the roof,
 The home, the life, the heart,
Of any who with him
 Have borne their part!

XIX.

NOVEMBER.

1. September's sunny smiles are gone, — en-
 chanted days,
October's russet gold and dreamy haze.
2. A butterfly lay light, 't was dead, on autumn
 leaves :
A flower, frost-touched, it fell from life's fair
 sheaves.
3. Now chill November calls to faith through
 mists of death.
The trees like spectres stand : O south wind's
 breath !

4. About their roots thy warmth again shall
cause to flow
The hidden springs, the trees again shall grow.
5. When shall more potent power dissolve an
icier spell?
Breathe me death's winter o'er, and all is
well!

XX.

WINTER.

(December.)

1. Beneath the frozen ground
Thou liest; the sleet, the snow;
Around the wintry winds
Wild, ruthless blow.
2. Within my mourning heart,
Thy memory, dear and fair,
Imperishably shines,
Its jewel there.
3. The drops of tender pride
Slow well, then glisten, fall;
Gentlest of hearts! I did
Not know thee all.
4. It hardly comforts me,
That from the rough world's ways
Serene are sheltered now
Thy larger days.

5. The sigh that heaved thy breast,
I sigh it o'er again, —
These tears first dimmed thy eyes,
My prince of men !
6. Beyond, thou liv'st removed
From this low, sombre plane.
I lift my eyes, I view
Thy certain gain.
7. Clothed with immortal life, —
What may that wonder be ?
So happy, I too almost
In loss of thee.
8. Roaming the realms of light
With many a bright compeer ;
Viewing the Saviour's face,
Nor cloud nor fear ;
9. How blest ! Ah, not yet quite
Thy state of bliss complete :
We wait — " The Lord in the air " —
His saints shall meet.
10. Then Death and the Grave shall yield
Their unforgotten prey,
And earth's poor glimmer fade
Into heaven's day !

11. Perhaps before that time
 I 'll go to thee, — would I?
Yet cling I to this life
 So tame. Ah why?
12. So fettered, sad and lorn ;
 So weak, so short, so vain :
With fear and doubt beset,
 With ill and pain.
13. I live because God wills ;
 Life 's dear, — grim Death I hate,
'T is strange, — yet if I might
 I 'd always wait.
14. How strange in heaven, perchance,
 This wish to linger here :
That land fair of the leal,
 This of the bier.
15. I sigh at the future lone ;
 I yearn for that happier day ;
I mourn for our parted lot, —
 It is not for aye.

XXI.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

Who giveth songs in the night. — *Job xxxv. 10.*

1. Sad Memory trims her lamp relit from after-
glow,
Warm flushes in my sky now come and go.
2. Not day's aurora this, but bloom of night so
strange,
As if to speak of things known after change.
3. As if he entering, space was left that we might
see
A glory glimpse, a gleam of heaven to be.

XXII.

MIDNIGHT.

1. My sun is sunk in night :
The shades will not away ;
The day shall not arise
Until that day.
2. I leave you, dear, with God :
My times are in his hand ;
O'er life, death, being, all,
His purpose grand.

3. I leave you, dear, with God, —
My times He ruleth o'er ;
The morn comes and the night, —
I can no more.

MY SUN IS SUNK IN NIGHT.

SARAH P. MORRISON, Indianapolis.

1. My sun is sunk in night, The shades will not a-

D.C. *I leave you dear, with God, My times He rul-eth*

way; The day shall not a - rise Un -

o'er; The morn comes and the night,— I

FINE.

til that day. I leave you dear, with

can no more.

God; My times are in His hand; O'er

D.C.

life, death, be - ing, all, His pur - pose grand.

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